



# Bones

journal for the short verse

no. 22  
March 15th 2021

now that  
its rightful...the heat  
goes down

a thirst for your nipple the snail's drawn out eyes

my acidic sperms leaving maps on your thighs

in a prayer pose too temple swallows

## slippery truths

1.

splattered "I" shards but tinnitus chatter said of slippery truths

what frayed tongues possibly wrangled off arid infinity

here begins the march of derelict seasons spewed off cavities

found rotting on verbose nouns a myth un-clutched off insensitive verbs

or could be the worn-out truth-chains distressed fingers unspooled

encrypted in leprous walls a logic of sorts possibly condensed droplets

no breath at all a weightless thud plying tin scraps of slippery truths

the broken humanoids' lie divined as arterial glyphs lost on ears

2.

the candle wick I pared to its root now a towering flame  
but shredded in air a hissing ember vanishing on sacramental rims  
with quivering night lamps a swarm of pulsing heat in my sullen darkness  
red shadows wakened in spurts the wavering breaths at vespers  
on Fridays whispered agonies wet my beads of the 5th decade  
a ruckus of nails scraping altar drips the heightened roil in my breast  
from its pared root the candle wick erupts on geyser verbs  
lapping up the darkness the frayed seams of my veil

## **a rift in beveled dusk**

suddenly I recognize the color greige half grey half pallor  
lunes I once lost now gelling as a cloud lolling with me  
seeping off the rift in swaths

a faint  
mushroom sky  
my umbrella



## **waken mid-route**

a raw chill stranded in the chiming wind moving with crows  
my eyes sated on pockmarked clouds as if air instead of marrow  
in my bones

I shift focus  
to the sea  
my prison

life after deadline

asymmetree

shrinking violet throwing out my rabbit

in the curve of her waist a river

bleeding color  
two oceans away  
from home

cold enough to blister  
an unspoken obituary

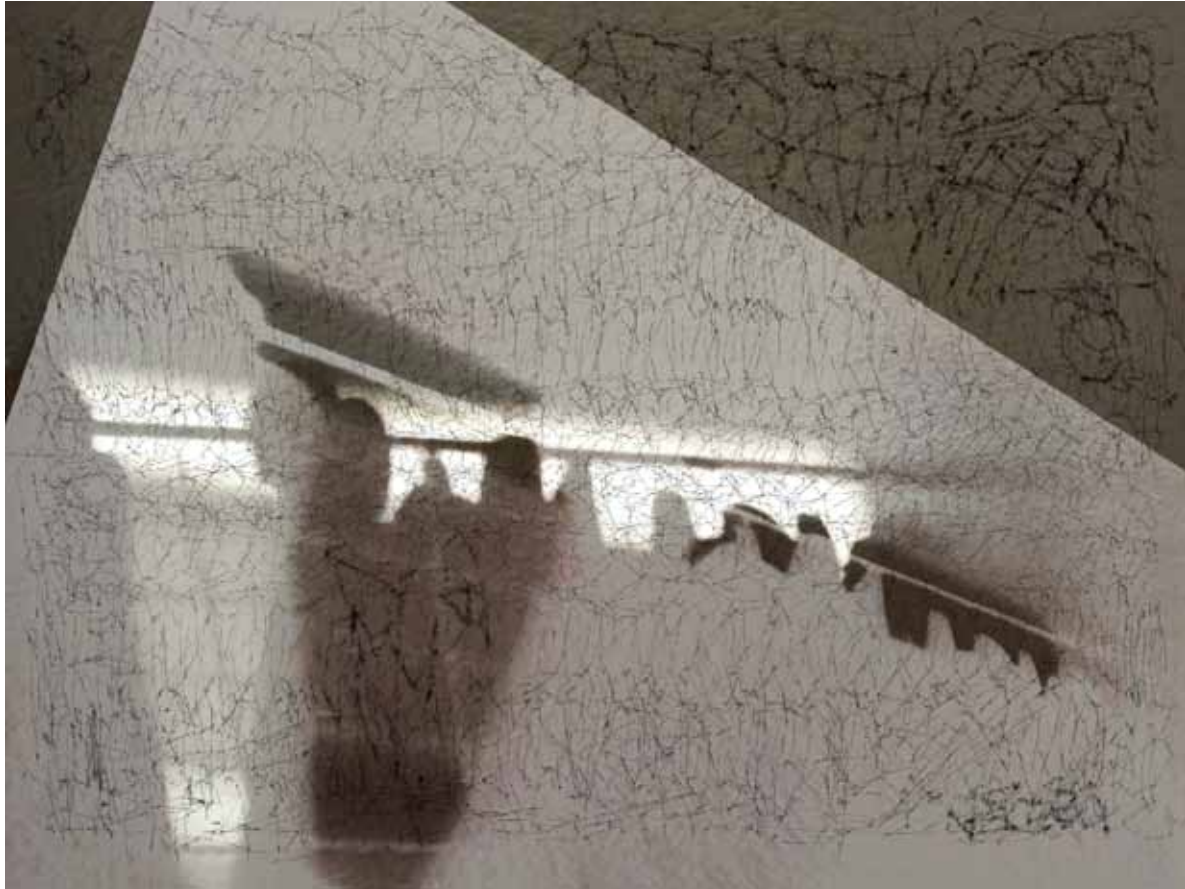
sleepless saints their shadows on the floor



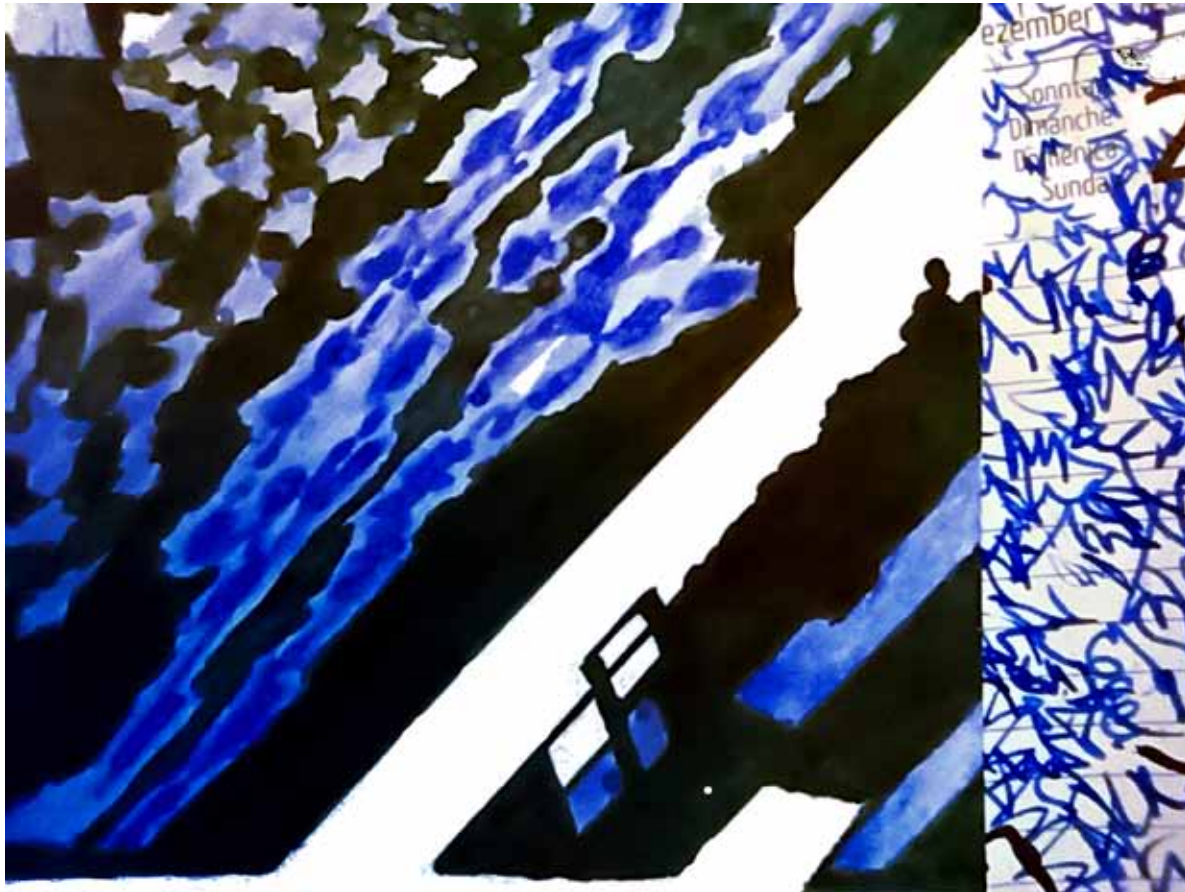
a life before we both were cats



Beate Conrad - Water is not it

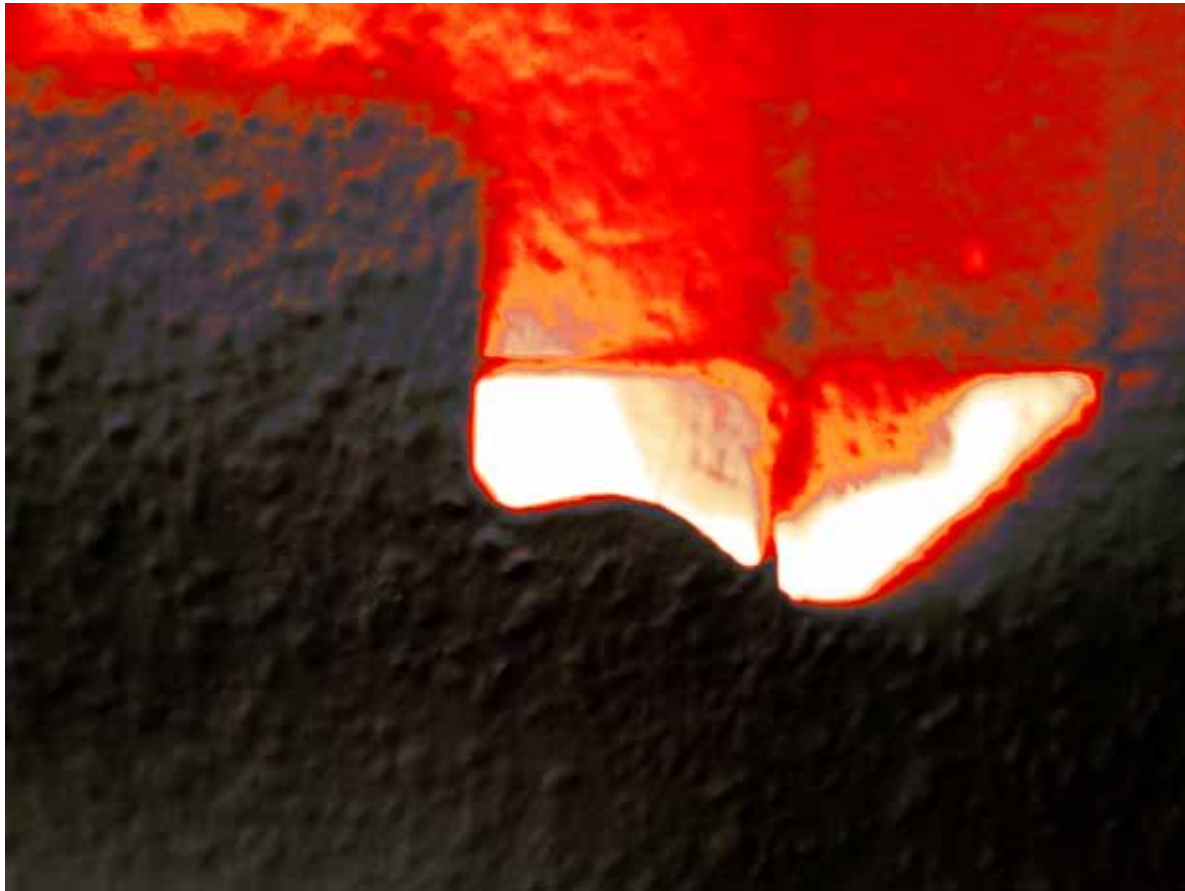


Beate Conrad - A story of light

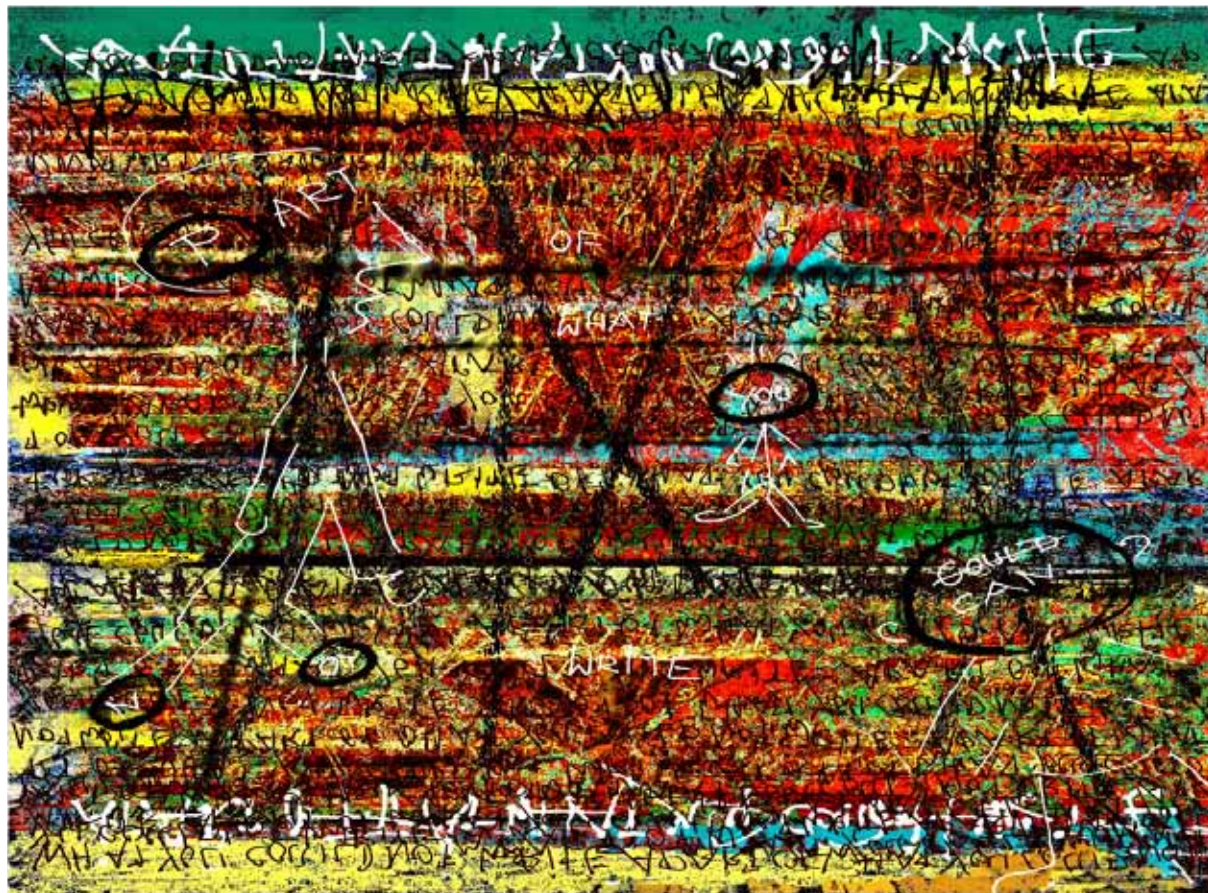


Beate Conrad - December Sunday





Beate Conrad - First



Beate Conrad - Playground



Beate Conrad- The sound between clouds

beneath the berry's powdery bloom blue



but my love for you is real plastic bonsai

Perfectly still  
    *the black of moss*  
a reflection  
    *through the rust*  
collapses  
    *into the time's echo*

looking at her dress  
looking at my dress  
looking at her dress

going through it all a slump

viral layers peeled to a core of self interest

cold night snuggle inside a harp cover

sea level reckoning for miles flown

moving water  
red umbrella  
over her  
under her



## **Is It a Sin?**

Is it a sin to spin alone  
across a kitchen floor,  
waltzing with the air  
as the world asphyxiates?

## **The Making of a Serial Killer**

He pulled the note out of his shirt pocket and read it again.

Valentine's Day  
the short list  
of secret admirers

## **The Thingness of Things**

things        we have no time for timeless things  
things        we have no taste for tasteless things  
things we have    no name for nameless things  
things we have no love for    loveless things

the chlorophyll of jealousy catches the light

the rattle of my heart  
in the donation box

water gurgling over stones my one good fingernail

2020 calendar  
pages were eaten  
by a parrot

patience that tabernacle

thick territory against agony



blood

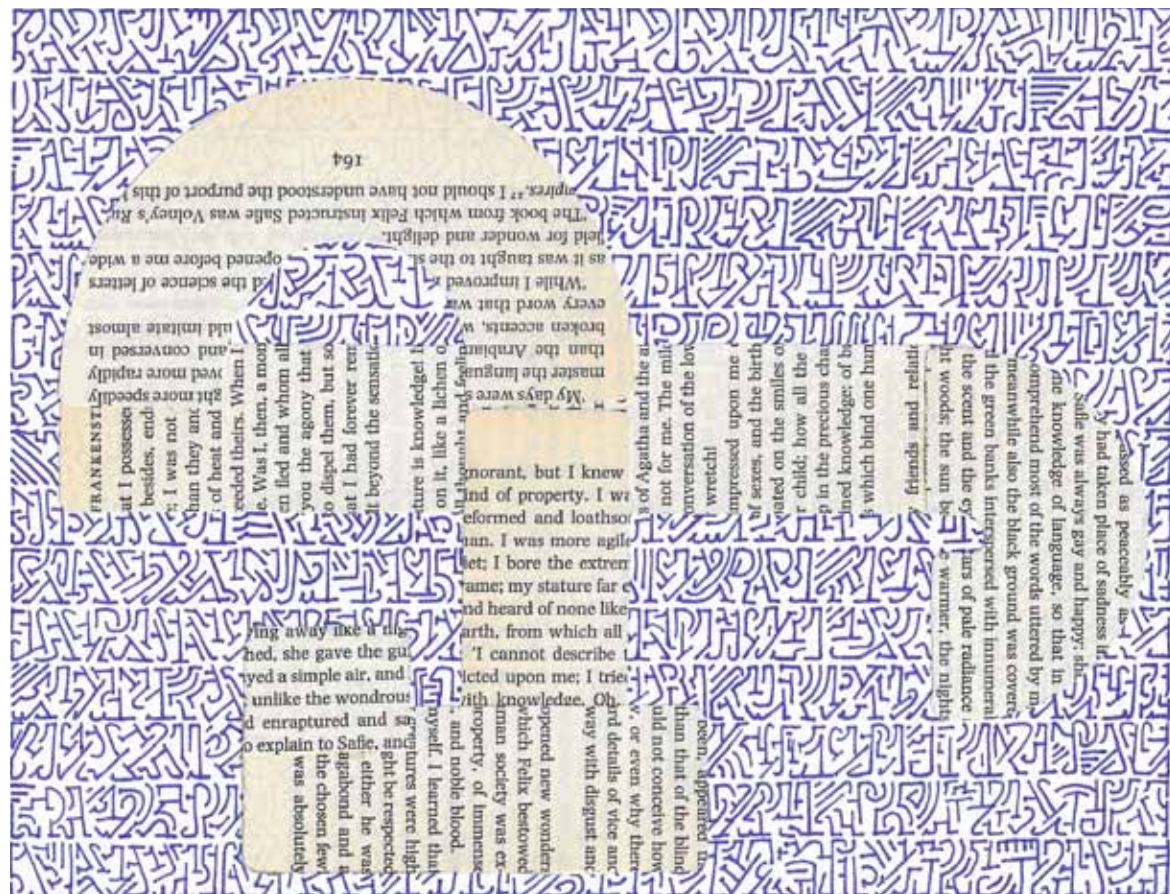
salt

every  
root

dark winter sea erasing the incision line

cloudless light off the pond into crow-talk

the darkness  
that's usually hidden  
DC Metro





when I use the word unprecedented shade

her broken filters a family of lichens



the drifting snow yes in my wandering

how does nothing strip down to get inside the broken bread

coyote  
her image leaves me  
desert

potatoes planted in glass ground by mouth

and we laughed as the ceiling collapsed on us dreaming of lawsuits

after learning to teleport October wind the empty

late bare tree rain again counting the dog's nipples

the road ahead spirals alone for no reason chills



to eat but winter wind. The bloody stone by the turn

covid  
tooth  
paste  
blues

ego  
and  
end

end  
and  
urn

waves  
mirror  
waves

dawn-  
on my  
knees

cheese spread lunar brunch

daylilies multiplying typos

the last leaf drops buzzards



I walk this way so many times with all or nothing

streetlamps lit

upended in the grass

all at once

an orange leaf

a bird's vibrato

wet with sun

heading backwards behind me behind me

he inscribes his words along the river

rasp of a crow

bare twigs etched

the ripples

against grey-blue sky

darken

a percussion of rain

she accompanies on her harp of skeletal leaves

## Spiegel im Spiegel

note by note  
an arabesque is melting  
note by note by note

...rises slowly slowly reaches for his hand to lift her on to pointe  
she spins so slowly slowly letting down her arm to touch the  
ground caress it with her finger slowly slowly rises...

note by note by note  
an arabesque is melting  
note by note

bounded by the range of thistle seeds we listen out for any sound of drifts

misty horizon

suburban echoes

all the treetops

in chorus

blurring as one

every sparrow

there's nothing but the silences between each dream of open beaks

## **After Turner**

Enveloped in depths of cloud of sea of storm of snow of keenest chill

in myriad threads  
of dark      a seam  
of light



Gabriela Popa - bligadong4

her x his y the slope and intercept

the answer  
of the ancients  
unfolding



I am wondering if she ever listened to herself speak.  
mothballs, brooklyn, deconstructed whispers chanted like commandments, contemplating taffeta,  
civil temperatures rising

so repositioned for weeping willow

like  
bears  
no relevance

the summer solstice in such cursive ways as *this*

the downpour reflection of a loose thread

downing the sky with one swallow

dreams with a tendency for constipation

shadows cast into bodies



death in homeopathic doses

Art of Fugue  
another voice  
in the art of fugue

a cockroach  
on the deck of cards  
rent day

dark side of the moon underneath the bridge

on the turbulent sea of information my frail craft

the lake without ripples my kidney stone

mid-winter  
the city park stripped bare  
of misinformation



jshb -saint



sans eyes  
sans teeth

*mewling  
and puking*

the verses  
I craft

*as a nursling  
born*

for  
dulled ears

*into  
mere oblivion*

bee-loud tree

*ecstatic utterance*

my daughter  
and I

*we escape  
the ordinariness*

voice  
the same  
silences

*of merely waiting*

**dust dazzled in the sun**

in the beginning

was the word

yet to be uttered

*my daughter*

*teasing out  
the narrative*

*of a  
möbius strip*

late-life spring

*as near as  
a shadow*

my other self

*the outgoing tide*

neighbours

Bashō

*of the future*

morning mass

*pebble-bottomed  
streams*

the finger  
of God

*lisp lightly  
for pyres*

tunes  
a bellbird

*of barely-seen  
stars*

**se-woo, ha-nah e-too-hee pagh-ri**

primal light

*a spotless host*

the empyrean

*consumed with  
simple words*

born out of  
the mundane

*of self-immolation*

Advent candle

*the amount  
of earth*

the stillness  
of death

*to fill up  
a grave slot*

but a whisper  
away

*six feet deep*

**in the beginning there was nothing but**

this crystal liturgy

*it is said*

clarinet, violin,  
cello & piano

*there shall be  
no more time*

in a tangle  
of rainbows

*beyond the abyss  
of birds*

**all that was and all that is leads to this.**



**a land with no endemic animals**

this hour

*chill night*

in which the wolf

*an absence of terror*

is but a word

*warms to me*

**far off a morepork calls**

waning moon —

*is this  
what aging is?*

its presence  
wavering

*to be heartily sick  
of living*

on the lapping  
waves

*and yet, and yet . . .*

bubble machine keeps us in fomo

on wards  
sand  
running

fall litter  
leaf, leaf,  
mask

Burns Night dream--  
the piper pipes in  
vaccines for all

lockdown  
blockage  
plunging

brainstorming out of the blue porcelain



## caput mortuum

pine bonsai  
the edge of the world  
snow powdered

my one-line poem  
then the bus drove off  
on a frosted oak leaf

if I die in winter put me an ilex wreath on my head the rest for the wolves

LaLeLu  
is it Santa's voice  
only a frozen maple leaf  
scratches the moon

three old ravens argue  
about the hedgehog's leaf grave  
I close the window

I adore the space  
you make where you  
are and you are not



Jack Galmtiz - a study



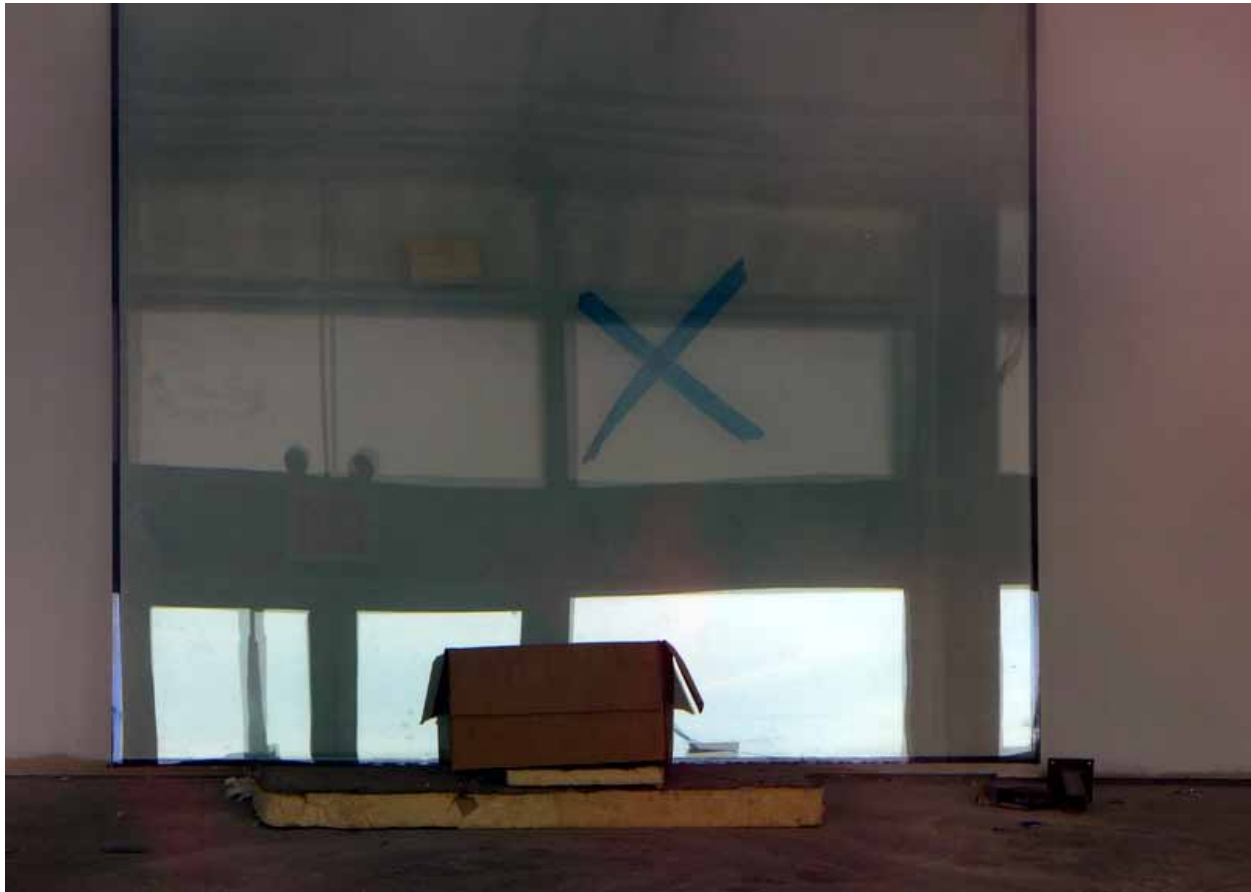
Jack Galmtiz - ascending



Jack Galmtiz - into the light



Jack Galmtiz - light in space



Jack Galmtiz - some might say rothko

cupped in my hand a cough becomes a falcon



like wisteria she dislodges roof slates

by the shoebox sized pit  
she whispers  
Is it nearly Easter?

**Lionel Tate**  
*(aged 12 years)*

*"...The Undertaker  
annihilates  
Stone Cold..."*

Younger bones crack  
under foot –  
*"...steel chair..."*  
wooden table.

*if Klee has painted it even more real*

the  
thistle  
wild

gras  
ses

coun  
ter

weigh  
ing

rock



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

from one word  
two fish

three magi  
four horsemen

five loaves



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

## **AWAKENING**

in a dream I have  
I dream I have

a dream in a dream  
I dream I have a dream

in a dream I have  
I dream I have a dream

I have a dream

I have a dream



I

should should should should should should  
should should should should should should  
should should should should should should  
should should should should should should

should I

?



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

w/o finding

just the  
right shapes

of wood  
to shape in

the forest

the forest

this  
tree

bar  
ren

w/  
mag

pie



Joseph Salvatore Aversano



Joseph Salvatore Aversano



his scar  
tattooed in color  
his scar

they say it's a dead end road to the river

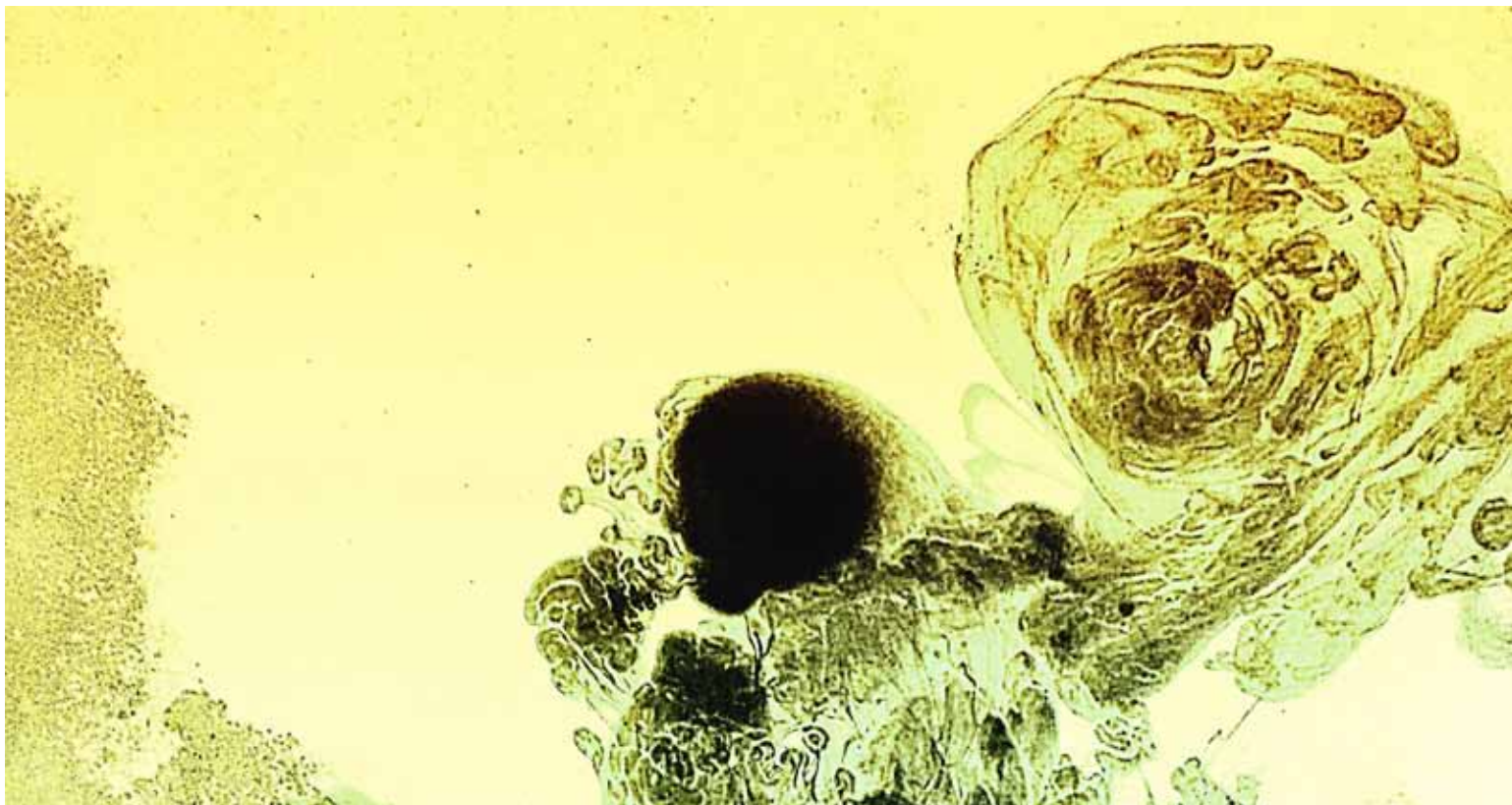
fog burned off this new ambiguity



Julie Schwerin - While There's Still Light

meanwhile a city wired to the hustle and bustle of aspirations

Kali temple  
a mantra-mumbling priest  
cuts the goat's throat



the roar of the rapids in liquid gold

overcrowded bus  
with twilight tilting  
at the street corner



Julie Schwerin - On a Whim



searching all over for that elusive answer

where

*twilight's edge*

bird calls don't reach

*shadows slip off*

sound of aum

*on a receding wave*

her eyes the only visible smile says it all

once again the colours of the rainbow

ocean

*people*

stretching

*haven't yet lost*

a frothy wave

advances the horizon

*their voices*

in owl light mother's head bent in prayer

he walks the streets singing about emptiness

as birds settle

*restless ocean*

a stillness from within

*and the calm sky*

the trees

*beyond the tune*

the aum the beat the light    silence    shunyata

acetone pilgrimage all the shelves empty

seizing  
what comes after  
the sea, i.e.

a world unburning the light fears

seahorse  
suddenly  
sawhorse

pull over!  
the radio mouth  
a moth

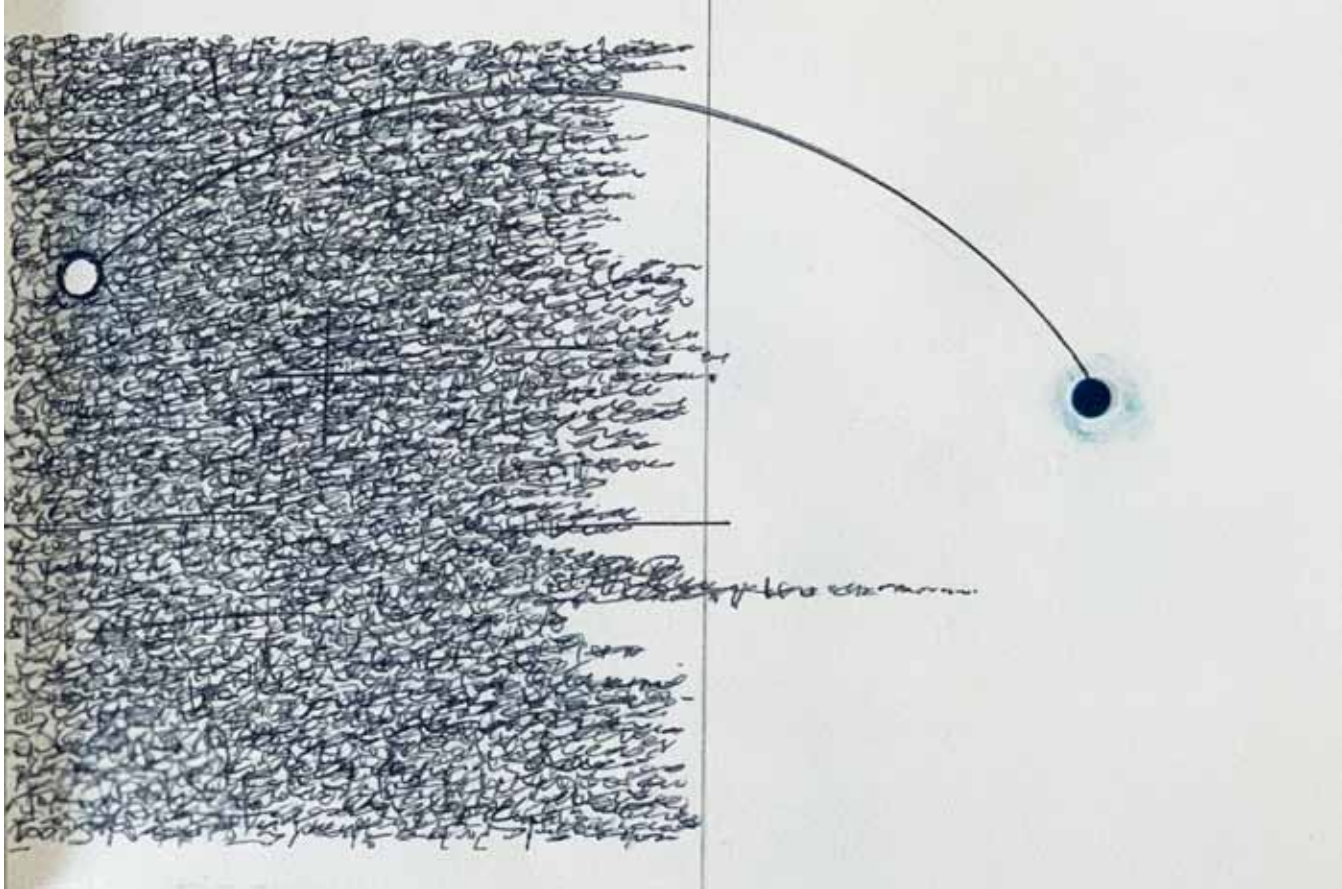


hyperlinked otters  
dactyls stranded  
in the sink

climbing over *over*  
the fish suits  
a wall of smoke

a lonely wind wandering in an asylum with a taste of mint

tap-tap-tap on this midnight keyboard god counting my time backward



Lucinda Sherlock - Illustration of Procedures by the Omission of Words

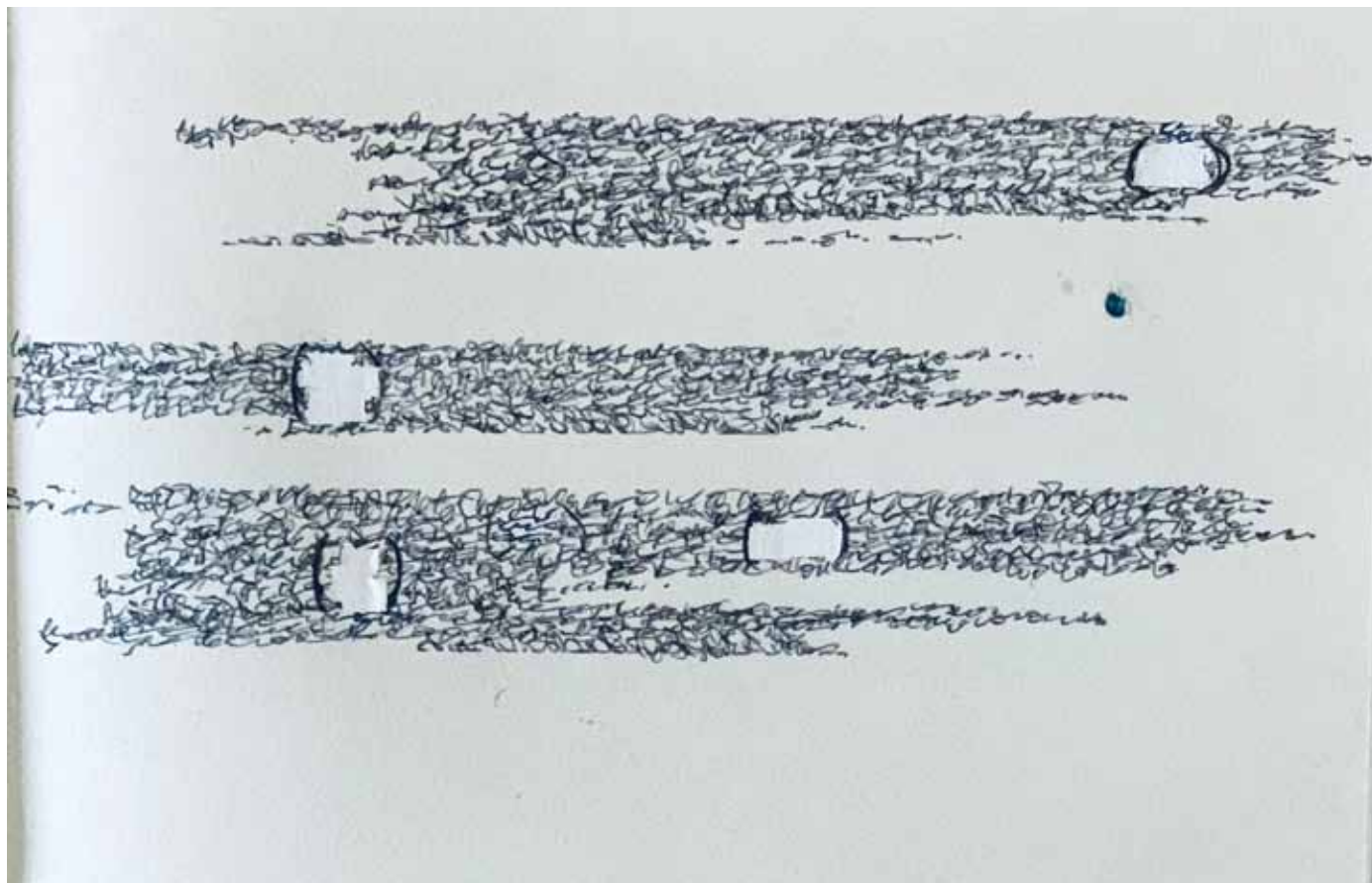
2020  
just  
numbers

*[The page contains dense, handwritten text in cursive script, which is largely illegible due to extreme blurring and overlapping. The text appears to be organized into several paragraphs or sections, with some lines starting with capital letters or dashes. The handwriting is very close together, filling most of the page area.]*

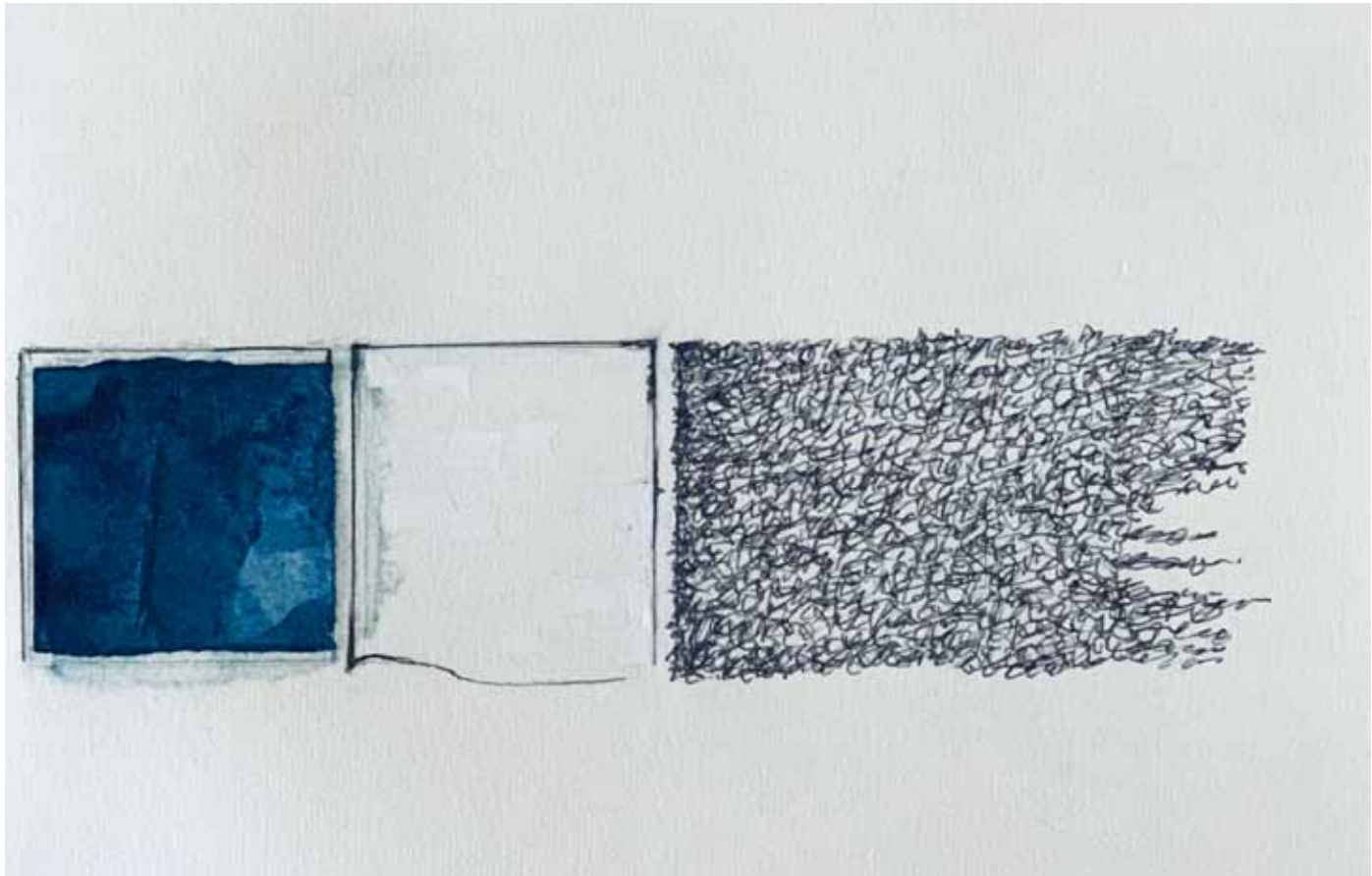
sigh  
Lent  
night

LeRoy Gorman





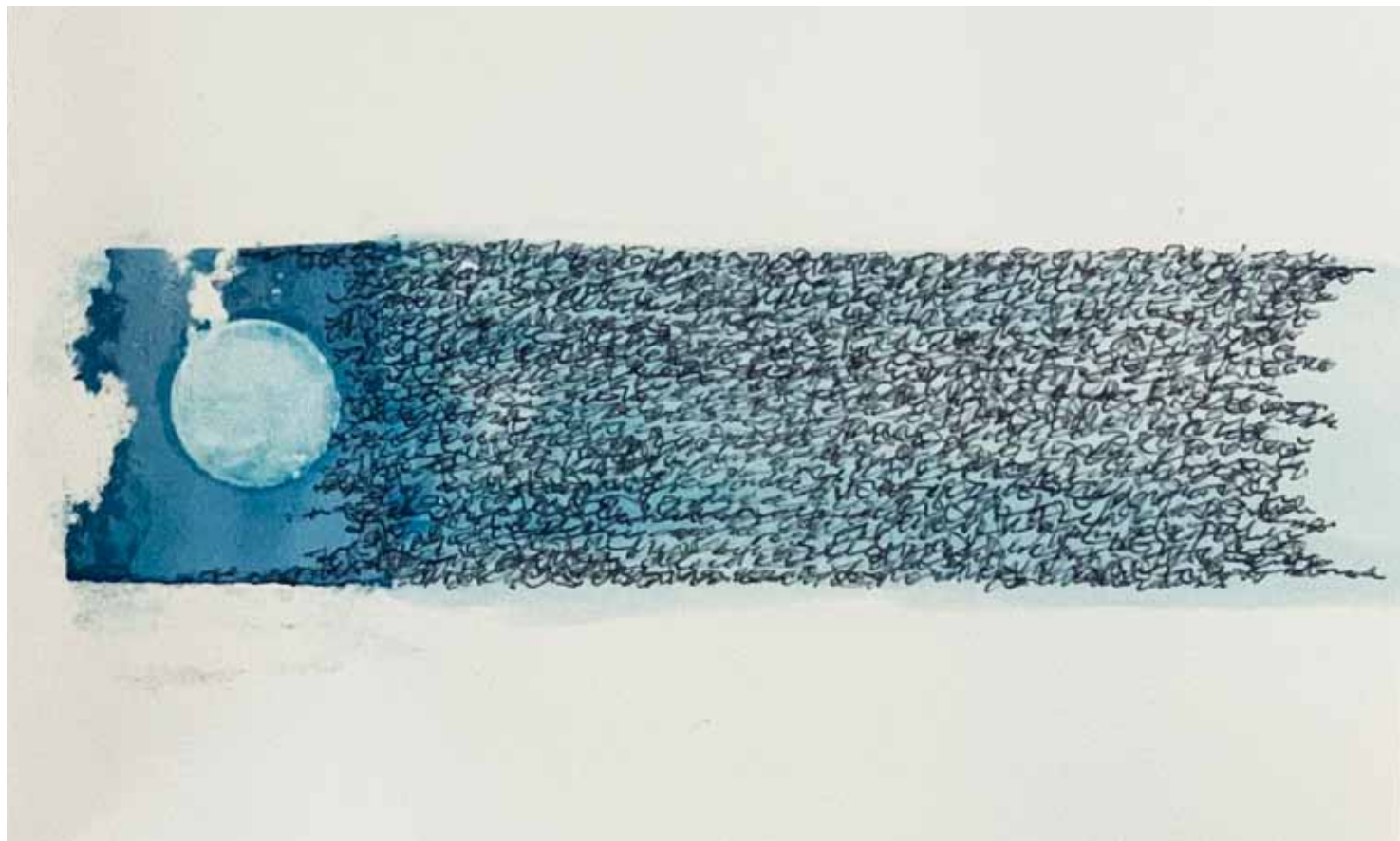
the river  
we are on  
the same side



Lucinda Sherlock - Three Methods of Amending

the rain outside a piano

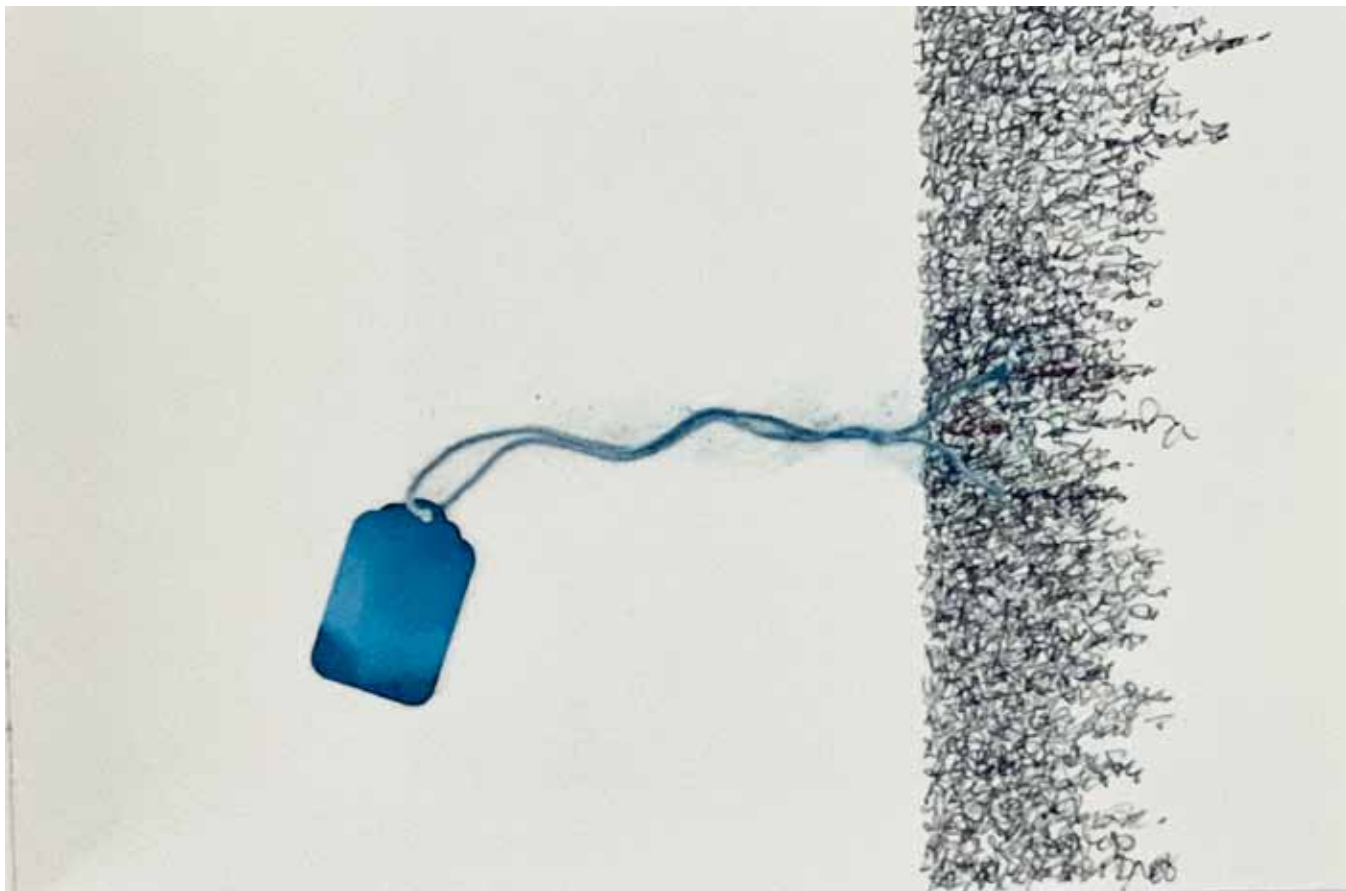
LeRoy Gorman



Lucinda Sherlock - Navigation

in the bus shelter  
gazing out  
at the rain

*a dry cough:*  
*more than ever*  
*alone*



Lucinda Sherlock - Untitled

sunrise

*long lockdown*

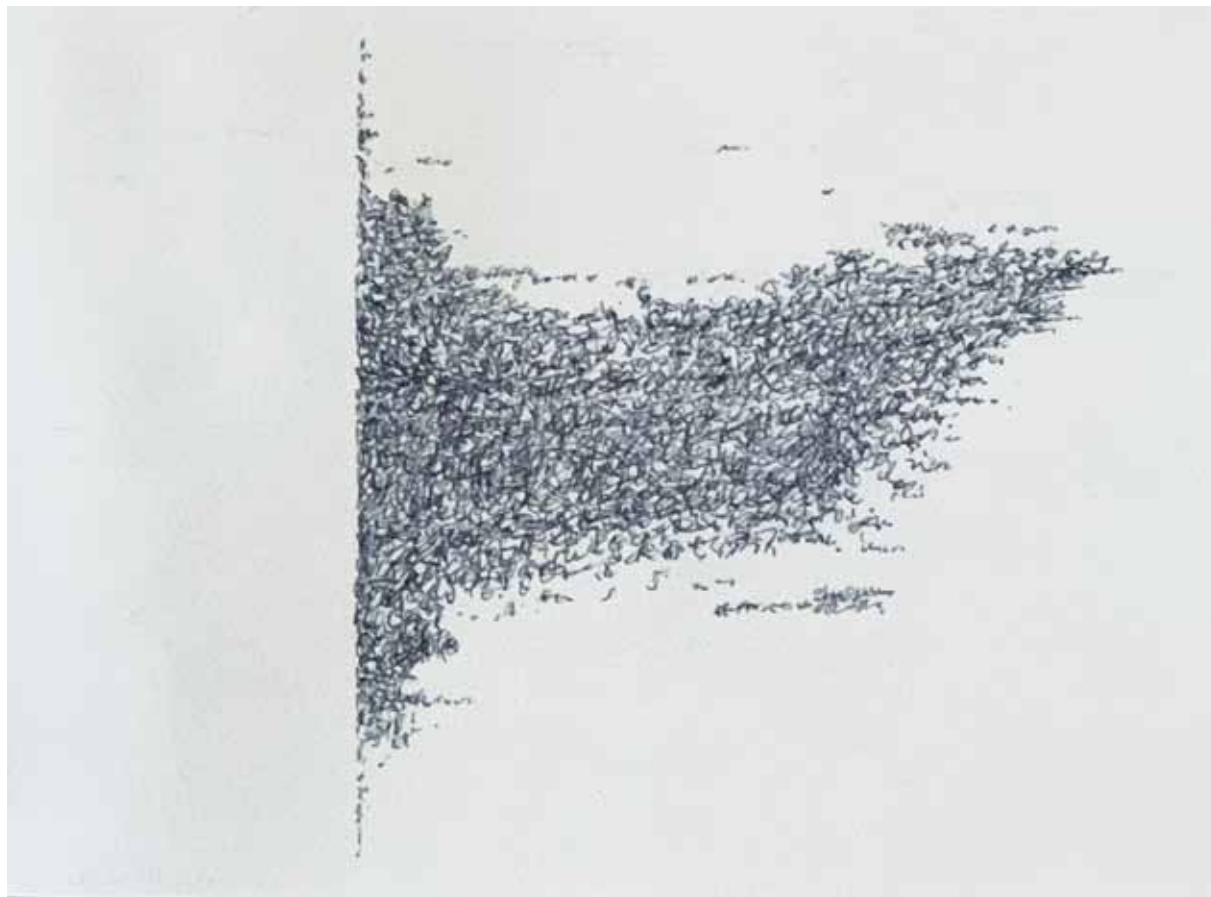
a zucchini blossom's

*fairies have moved in*

big yellow yawn

*to my garden*





Lucinda Sherlock - Postponement

sibling envy the knife behind her smile

## UMBRAL RAINS

In the silence of  
this new moon, rain has  
fallen since afternoon, some

times with muffled thunder, though  
mostly mutely, soaking  
this city's ancient stones

## DUSK

As evening begins  
unfolding its cloak, as the  
cathedral bells toll

the mass, these city

streets darken with the  
shadows of buzzards gliding  
to their nighttime roosts

hit and run not yet an eulogy the melody of crickets

rolling out another cigarette the plumber wheezes a poem

a friend request from my mum

## **slot**

Not what was displayed, or  
even hinted at. The concept else-  
where, pachinkoed out of sight by  
every surface irregularity that has  
since intervened. No way back.



## **Flux**

Sometimes, when  
the silence of the  
night ricochets  
around me, I forget  
who I am, &  
live vicariously  
through myself.

## Two degrees of separation

Taken apart  
piece  
by piece.

Put back  
together.

A  
gain? Or

never feels right

a-  
gain?

**où l'alcool est prohibé**

The lagoons in the  
Botanical Gardens —

so dried up

they're now  
mowing them.

pine beetle eating the warm air  
wherever you go the forests  
turn to rust

Michael Battisto

we looked through the east window and saw  
the wrens removing our memories  
one by one

drinking sake in our desert room  
you placed the moon against the empty wall  
and it remained there

where I wanted to find your mouth  
I drew a flower  
and listened to its unfolding

are there other landscapes we could have inhabited,  
our vowels tinged with a blue  
we have never spoken



at the well of the saints  
we reach down to the voice  
which never spoke

in summer our shadowed house  
allowed us only  
our place in sleep

Michael Battisto

the day wears  
every face it can  
knowing we belong to it

thin copper bracelet  
to ask away pain  
when will you begin

In winter I empty the old books  
of the pale hands that marked them.  
Let the words fade further on the pages.



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Chrysocola

sundate  
mondoubt  
tuesdoubt  
wednesdoubt  
thursdoubt  
fridoubt  
saturdate



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Cinnabar veins



writing definitions for all my new swear words



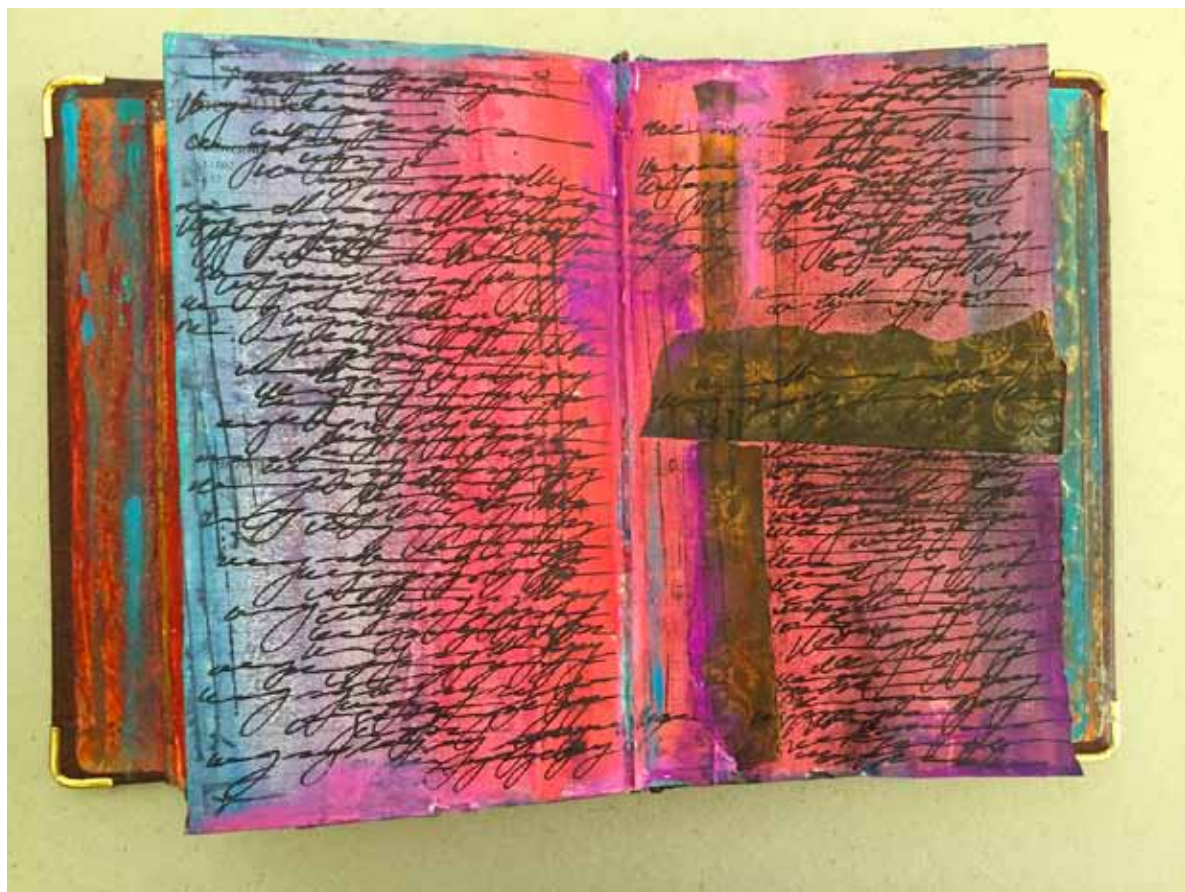
Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Dreams in howlite

death penalty i apply it to a mosquito  
overthetopofthefalls everythingbecomesomething



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Kintsugi

discipline  
i would smack myself  
to get some



dreams of Earth  
father warns of the lure  
of my inner eyes





Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Solar plexus



things hang on trees carried by hawks sometimes ghosts



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Summer dunes

i bargain for holy river in a bottle



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Valleys in argile

just follow  
the damn clouds  
i tell myself

on page 3,632  
he's says he's getting  
ahead of himself

something in her record  
about never having been stung  
by a bee

I am the freckle-faced illiterate flooding the lavatory sink



suppressing a cough during the submarine movie

the entire material universe  
just fell out  
of my shirt pocket

## **monoku sequence**

sharp lines a knife crosses her china

miles from nowhere waking up the maps in charge

novel ways to get lost bust a chapter

all the time the clock's ticking two

give pain a name to mess with its face

the bonobo stares like we're related

Peter Jastermsky

The bird lighting on an iced branch the question and the silence

Grief in the flower-throated seed the drizzle sprouts destiny

Steep shale slopes rockcress and sparse vegetation no flowers in the ego

endless rain using a French verb to shut the door

empty filing cabinet  
I shred what is left  
of my parents



unknown city -  
mixing with strangers  
in a mosquito

baptism in the holy shit she's in

Instead of Steinbeck, Mr. G organised a séance during English.

afterwards-  
a life reduced  
to vignettes

ducks obscuring her face

Roberta Beach Jacobson

that  
kplop

the  
water  
not  
the  
celebrated  
frog

sounds  
a  
rock!

double  
headed  
ax  
/

spilts  
after/noon  
in  
half

and  
firewood/  
metaphor

0.32  
caliber  
molly  
coated  
brass  
jacket

center  
bore  
Kereiji

time  
recoils



Robert Erlandson - Energy



more hole  
than face

in your  
face

the  
scream

the  
deaf  
you  
a

100 secs  
to midnight

in slo-mo  
the assonance in  
a cat's blink

**twitch**

the pill had begun to take hold. six-love in two straight sets? it was three in the morning, or almost. a witching cantata is playing

a decapitated head  
floats—an extra hot  
white hippie

*can't take a trick  
the dragon's head nods  
and nods again*

for 9 minutes at 9, they lit lamps to dispel the darkness of the virus

*the dark swoops the flattening curve bridges to homes 800 kms away*

*again*

*stay indoors*

*the junk*

*for she'll*

*fills*

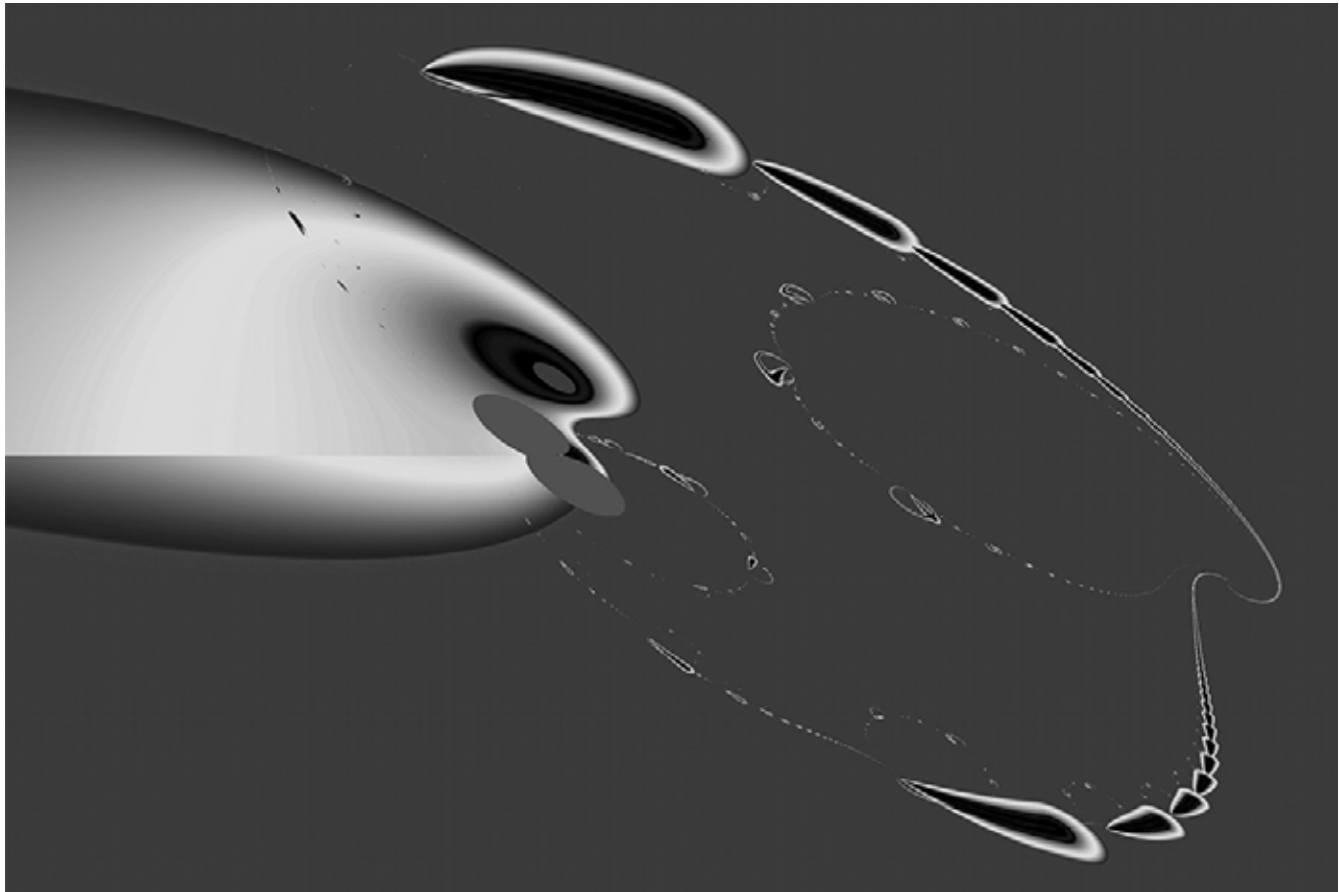
*ride*

*its sail*

*in the nude*

creaking the chaise lounge lifts a finger: your honour, I must if I may,  
the windward side of the story is bent

*the jester out of work*  
*becomes the fall guy*



Robert Erlandson - Food Chain

endless rain—  
that shinto goddess  
cheats at cards

seeding my dreams with colons



nailing the sorry sayings to my palm

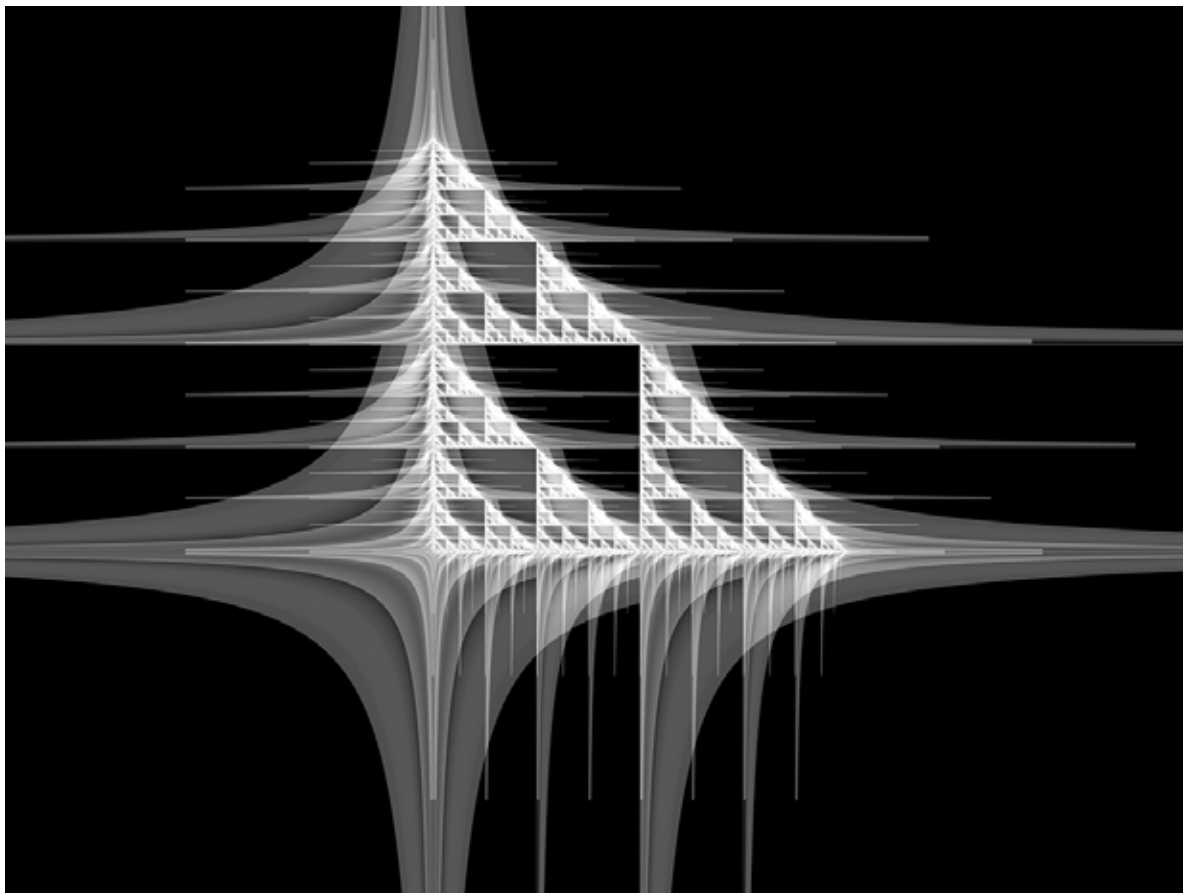
the angel of history covers his eyes

dead hour  
between this minute  
and the next

## **Glossing over Parkinson's with lipstick**

I steady my hand for nothing

out loud  
pressing words past  
my teeth



Robert Erlandson - Infrastructure

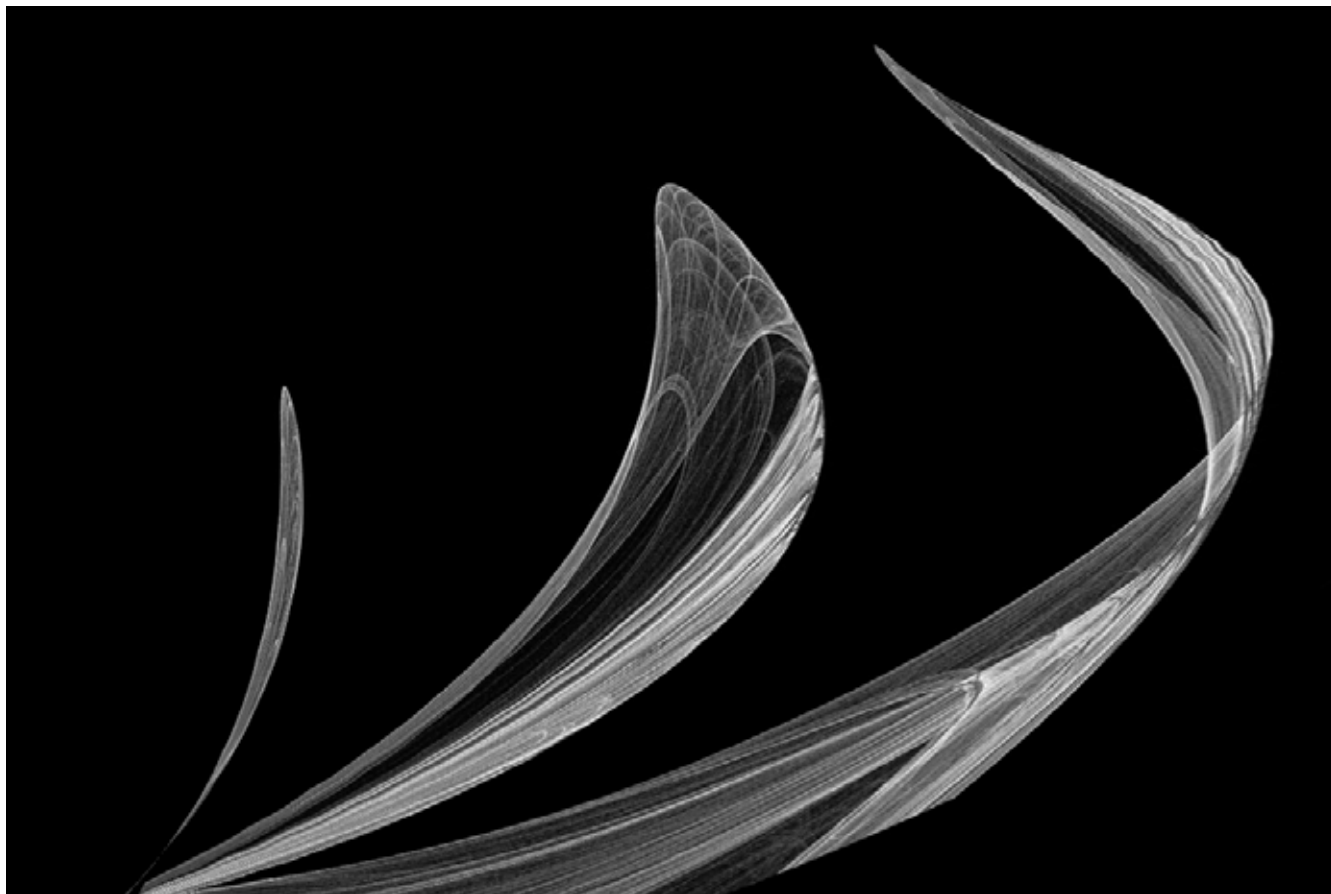
taking off the cat's pyjamas soft reboot

i introvert into the room

John Lennon poster staring contest



underwear & slippers  
8 crows think  
I look normal



Robert Erlandson - Wind Blown

Editor:

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

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